Mc[illegible]an County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL LV. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1918 NO 5

HOME FROM THE FRONT WOUNDED

[illegible] J. Ostrom arrived last night and is at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ostrom of this place. He is the first Smethport soldier to return here from overseas. Private Ostrom was severely wounded in the legs several months ago and has since been in hospitals in France and later in this country at an embarkation hospital in Virginia. The young man is obliged to walk with crutches but hopes are entertained that later he may do without them. Shortly before leaving this country in Uncle Sam's service this young soldier was married to Miss Pearl McCammon of [illegible], formerly of this place. Private Ostrom made Olean a visit on his way home from the Virginia hospital. [illegible] Smethport extends hearty greetings to this wounded soldier boy.

A message received in Smethport [illegible] says that Harold Howard of this place has arrived in New York from France. "Lefty" Howard left here with the Smethport contingent that enlisted in Company C of Bradford, a unit in the 112th Inf. and after training at Camp Hancock went to France where he saw severe service. He was wounded and gassed and was in the hospital when the armistice was signed. He will receive treatment in a military hospital in New York for a short time and then return to Smethport where he will visit relatives. "Lefty" is the first Smethport man of the gallant [illegible] to return to American shores and his friends will give him a royal welcome.

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE A DENNING.

The death of Mrs. George A. Denning occurred at her home on North street, Tuesday night, and while not entirely unexpected as she has been in very poor health for several years was nevertheless a shock to the family. Mrs. Denning has been a resident of Smethport for twenty-five years or more, her husband and sons having conducted a barber shop in this place for many years. An especially sad feature of her death is the fact that she has two sons, Howard and Paul in service in France, whose letters always breathed the hope that they would soon see their mother. She was an exceptionally devoted wife and mother, and those who are left will feel her loss keenly for years to come. At this writing it seems impossible to obtain data for a suitable obituary but it is hoped one can be published later.

Aside from her husband she leaves four sons and a daughter: Claude and Frank, residents of this place, Howard and Paul in the U. S. army, and Mrs. Minnie Ives, wife of A. L. Ives, railroad policeman at Emporium. A number of grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at the house Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. E. H. Edson officiating. Burial in Rose Hill cemetery.

Claude Denning and several members of his family and Frank Denning are ill at St. Luke's parish house hospital and will be unable to attend the funeral.

Dr. H. L. McCoy returned Saturday from Erie, where he had been called to see Dr. E. R. Baker, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 14th day of January, 1919, by Martin M. Quinn, Paul H. Quinn and Edward E. Carrier, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of the intended corporation to be called Quinn Laboratories Co., the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood, and chemical research work in connection therewith, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

Dated December 16th, 1918.

ALLEN J. HASTINGS.
adv51w3 Solicitor

A LETTER FROM MUSTARD.

Three years or more ago readers of the MINER were entertained (?) by a series of letters written by an individual who signed himself "Mustard" and gave his place of abode as Norwich. Suddenly his letters ceased and for a long time his whereabouts was a mystery. Last summer we received the report that he had been eaten alive by grasshoppers in southern Kansas, but almost regret to state the report was untrue as the following letter will testify:

Kazuka, Kansas, Dec. 15, 1918.

Editor Miner—A few days ago I seen a copy of your more or less valuable paper and see that you don't have no "pep" in it any more than didn't used to be in it when I didn't write nothing for it, so thought I would send you a little poem that I wrote. You can send me $10 for it if you wish. I got a school teacher to write the poem in her handwriting but I wrote the poem just the same. Had to buy some candy for the school teacher, which with postage amounts to 35 cents, so you see I have had to pay considerable expenses, so if you will remit promptly I will be much obliged. The prompter you be the more obliged I am. Here is the poem:

FLOOEY!

My fairy Sue,
Whose brains were few,
Was not afraid of flu.
To tell the little that she knew
About the town she fairly flew.

But she received her awful due;
It was so sad I cried boohoo.
Face-flushing with flu
Proved fatal to Sue
And she flew up the flue!

—MUSTARD.

ARRESTED IN BRADFORD.

Monday evening the Bradford police placed under arrest Alvin Stultz, alias Joe DeLong, wanted in Denver, Colo., where he is charged with grand larceny. After being taken into custody, Stultz confessed to Chief Neal that he was guilty of the charge against him. He was placed in the lock-up, where he will be confined until the authorities from Denver arrive here to take charge of him. Stultz has been in Bradford for the past two weeks, during which time he has been employed at the Cyclone Brush plant on Elm street. The local police were notified by the Denver police department that the young man was located here and to make a search for him, which they did with success.

Stultz is charged with having stolen on October 4, $2200 in checks and $95 in cash from the First National bank of Denver, being employed at the time as a messenger boy by that institution. He decamped immediately after the stealing. The prisoner is 18 years of age and a young man of fairly good appearance. After his arrest last evening he showed the chief of police a "billy" which he said he had made the night before with the intention of picking out a wealthy looking man and hitting him over the head with it in order to rob him. The "billy" has an iron head and would no doubt have caused death had it been employed in striking any one on the head, according to Chief Neal.

Stultz informed Chief Neal that he had the checks amounting to $2200 in a safe down in West Virginia, where he had been working in a glass factory but that he had spent the cash. He first said that he had burned the checks, but later confessed to the truth.—Star-Record

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN Application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on January 14, A. D. 1919, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations", approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the renewal of the charter heretofore granted to the Heinemann Chemical Company on January 26, A. D. 1899, for a period of twenty years, the character and object of the corporation being to engage in the manufacturing of acetate of lime, wood-alcohol and charcoal, and other products from wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

N. E. HAUSE,
adv51w3 Solicitor

FOR RENT.

Six-room house with bath, newly painted and papered. Mrs. B. Koenig,
adv50tf Water Street.

MORE KEATING TOWNSHIP SOLDIERS.

Remainder of names of soldiers in Keating township, 3rd District, which could not be secured in time for last week's issue.

Jasper Norman Atherton.
Frank Frederic Camera (wounded).
Corp. Walter E. Hamilton (wounded).
Charles Wesley Henderson, 1st Sergeant.
Jack W. Hanson.
Corp. Frank E. Kernan.
Corp. John J. Kane.
Fred E. Karasch.
Edward Frederick McDermott.
Anna Marie McDermott.
Paul K. Niver.
Edward Austin Pelton.
Harold Frank Rupert.
Howard L. Rupert.
Gerald A. Snyder.
Merle E. Scott
Guy Elmer Thompson
[illegible]
[illegible] Wilbert Truesdale.
[illegible] S. Weaver [illegible].

This makes the total number of men on Keating township's Roll of Honor up to date eighty-five men. The complete list for Keating township is in the Council of Defense window, and people are hereby requested to notify the committee on the Council of Defense office of any errors in order that cards may be secured. The committee in charge in Keating township 3rd district is as follows: Mrs. James Francis, Miss Jennie Templeton, Mrs. W. A. Mahoney and Mrs. J. H. Sprague.

SOME ELECTIIN FIGURES.

Governor-elect William C. Sproul and Lieutenant Governor-elect E. E. Beidleman received larger majorities at the November election than ever recorded in Pennsylvania, in the belief of officials who have finished the official computation of the vote returned by all counties except Luzerne, where the soldier and sailor vote is a question in the courts. Without Luzerne, the totals for the principal candidates are as follows:

Governor: Sproul (R) 535,991; Bonniwell, (D) 291,146; Seidl (Soc.) 18,316; Fithian, (Pro.) 26,852; McCauley, (Single Tax), 977.

For lieutenant governor: E. E. Beidleman, (R), 587,539; J. Washington Logue, (D), 265,480; Dalton T. Clark, (Soc.), 21,078; F. E. Whittlesey, (Pro.), 25,483; William R. McKnight, (Single Tax), 1,933.

For Judge of the Supreme Court: Edwin M. Abbott, 40,355; Joseph W. Bouton, 26,722; Henry Budd, 10,961; A. V. Dively, 7,925; Howard J. Fox, 69,872; John W. Kephart, 209,696; Joseph W. Kintner, 11,093; Charles E. Lenahan, 59,827; Alexander Simpson, Jr., 147,563.

The congressional return judges, T. F. Hengiville of McKean county, T. E. Pelton of Cameron; John C. Arnold of Clearfield, and J. Thomas Mitchell, of Centre county, met at Clearfield and made an official tabulation of the votes for Congress in the 21st district, as follows:

	Jones	Tobias
Cameron county	593	261
Centre county	3628	2875
Clearfield county	5051	4122
McKean county	3322	1708
Totals	12594	8966

DEATH OF ANDREW CARLSON.

Andrew Carlson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Carlson passed away Sunday morning at 8 o'clock after a week's illness, pneumonia being the cause of his death. Andrew was 15 years old in August, 1918, and was a bright manly boy, a high school student, with every promise of developing into a man of whom the community would have been proud. His death is a crushing blow to the family and they have the sincere sympathy of all.

Besides his parents he is survived by a sister, Nellie, and a brother Richard. The funeral was held at the house, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Larson of Port Allegany officiating. Burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

WERE HAPPILY MARRIED.

The marriage of Miss Harriet A. Rowley and Arthur D. Minnier of Retala, Pa., took place at the home of Rev. L. H. Crocker at Olean, on December 14. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lawson of that city. After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawson.

Advertise in the MINER.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

Marriage Licenses.

Dec. 3, Murray Harley Hopkins and May Frances Louk both of Bradford.

George Stephen VanVetchen and Eyvette Augusta Deuel Knowles both of Bradford.

Frank Robbins of Andover N. Y. and Bertha D. Potter of Eldred, Pa.

Dec. 13, Leon Adolph Amaches of Galeton, Pa., and Mells Margaret Tuckey of Kane.

Dec. 15, Robert John Pickinger and Alice Evelyn Turner both of Bradford.

A. H. Barney of Bingham and Rose May Crate of Mt. Jewett.

Deeds.

Dec. 12, James B. Steele Exr to Peter Clavillas and wife Bradford, $1800.

W. P. Cline to Duke Price, Bradford $400.

William L. Mix to S. A. Wainman, Eldred Twp. $45.

Peter E. Cawley to S. A. Wainman, Eldred Twp. $50.

Frank Sullivan Smith and wife to S. A. Wainman et al, Eldred Twp. $267.50.

E. A. Wainman et al to George A. Barron et al Eldred Twp. $3000.

Ervin Wainman and wife to George A. Barron, et al, Eldred Twp. $1.

Otis Irons to Celestia Sloan, Smethport, Pa. $1.

Dec. 11 Bertha Duquesne and husband to Fred Neupert and wife, Wetmore $100.

William Morrison and wife to Otis Robinson, Eldred, Twp. $1.

Dec 16 Adaline Murray Studley and husband to C. E. McElwee Liberty, $400.

Dec. 5, M. Schriever et al to John Frederick Kane $1.

S. C. Beers to Frank Rizzo, Mt. Jewett, $700.

Dec. 6, Edward Benson to T. A. Cannon, Lewis Run, $250.

Consolidated Window Glass Co. to Roy Reed, Hazelhurst $125

Consolidated Window Glass Co. to Albert Mott, Hazelhurst, $100.

Dec. 7, Guy Dickerson to Arthur S. Rees, Keating twp. $700.

Dec. 9 C. E. Thessen to Mary Elizabeth Thessen, Bradford twp. $1.

A. J. Nordstrom to Stephen D. White Port Allegany $1.

Velma May Eymer to Dan Pringle et al, Lafayette twp., $456.75.

Dec. 10, S. C. Beers to Gustaf E. Anderson, Mt. Jewett, $250.

Keith E. Dalrymple to D. M. Teater, Port Allegany $600.

D. M. Teater to B. C. Gallup, Port Allegany, $50.

Dec. 11, Consolidated Window Glass Co. to Robert Alexis, Mt. Jewett $500.

C. A. Dolley to August Anderson, Annin twp. $700.

Release Mortgages.

Dec. 5, James Hennigan to Clara E. Harrison Eldred twp. $600

Dec. 9 Bradford B. L. & S. Assn. to Velma May Eymer, Lafayette twp. $100.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Dec. 5 Cora Davis Danforth to Chas. E. Mosey, Kane, $1500.

Mary E. Marks to Frank Marks, Bradford $2053.55.

Dec. 9 Waldo M. Whitehead to C. E. Thessen, Bradford twp. $540.

Felix Quinlan to Ira W. Hunter, Bradford $600.

Dec. 10, P. D. Cleeland to A. A. Harvey, Bradford $500.

S. S. Sloan to Bradford Bldg. & Loan Assn., Bradford $500.

S. S. Sloan to Chautauqua Nat. B.L. & S. Assn, Bradford $500.

S. S. Sloan to Same, Bradford $500.

Dec. 11, Fred Campbell to B. D. Nelson, Liberty twp. $2,200.

Charles M. Reed et to David W. Burt, $10,000.

Dec 12 Bertha A. Matson, Trustee, et al to James F. Maged and wife Bradford, $1500.

May Eva Lyman to A. G. Knell and wife Liberty, 1500.

Francis G. Babcock et to E. A. Boyne, et al Liberty.

M. Agnes Byles to Elizabeth Costello, Bradford, $600.

Dec. 11 Samuel Phillips to John C. Nelson, Mt. Jewett, $900.

Lease.

Dec. 5 J. H. Rasey to Charles E. White Eldred twp., $1.

Assignment Lease.

Dec. 5 J. G. Richards to John C. Gault $1.

John C. Gault et al to Lewis Emery [illegible] Eldred twp. $1.

Dec. 4 J. H. Stimson to Ira W. Hurd, Bradford $750.

Agreement.

Dec. 11, Fred Shaw to Gale & Windsor $12,000.

New Suits.

Feb. Term, 1919.

No. 10, Dave Jacobs vs. Harry Cohen, Appeal.

No. 16, Jessie Edice Short vs. DeWitt Augustus Short, Divorce.

No. 17, Petition of Pullman Metal Weather Strip Co. for Dissolution.

No. 18, Petition of Standard Saw & Tool Mfg. Co. for Dissolution.

LETTER FROM AVERY G. BROWN.

Somewhere in Belgium
November 21, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:

There has been a great change in affairs here since yesterday. Undoubtedly America is celebrating in great style. Being Monday, it seems this armistice, or whatever it is, must be an answer to the prayers of Sunday. God grant that we shall not forget to offer a prayer of Thanksgiving and to continue our prayers for a real and lasting peace.

At times it has seemed that the way has been hard to travel, but today has repaid all the trials of the journey. It makes me feel mean and selfish and small when I see the whole-hearted way in which the Belgian people receive us. In their retreat the Germans took many of the Belgians with them as prisoners. To-day these Belgians have been returning to their homes. They seem so happy that they cannot keep their joy to themselves. They are fairly bubbling over with laughter and smiles and song; and when they meet an American soldier you should see and hear them—they go almost wild and want to shake hands all the way around. Some of the families have been left as they were before the German invasion of the country and these cannot do too much for the Americans. I can tell you better of some of their deeds of kindness than I can write them, so please wait until I come home. Each day here seems to deepen my respect and sympathy and love for the Belgian people.

I do not believe they have had any killing frosts here yet this season. Think of it! What would you think if you should see roses, nasturtiums, dahlias and other flowers in bloom in November, in Belgium! The potatoes here look to be a good crop. The farming is done, rain or shine. I never saw so many turnips, rutabagas and (cow) beets before in my life. I do not believe I ever ate so many turnips at one time before either, but thus far I have not been able to eat enough to make my stomach ache (much.)

You asked me something about whether my few German phrases do me any good. I only wish I could speak German well enough to talk and visit with these people, many of whom are well able to speak German. As it is, about all I can ask for is bread and butter, milk, coffee and a few more things. I am greatly thankful for the little I do know, however. There is little space left and I guess I had better close, blow out the candle and hit the straw for the night.

I can not tell how soon we can come back home but rest assured I am anxious now to return.

With love to all from
Pvt. AVERY G. BROWN,
Co. G. 116th Inf.
A. P. O. 765,
A. E. F.

"NOTICE."

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the McKean Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Pennsylvania, will be held at the Grange National Bank building, Smethport, Pa., on Thursday, January 9th, 1919, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. for the purpose of electing Directors for the year 1919.

adv50w3 H. D. OTTO, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

Stockholders' Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Grange National Bank of McKean County at Smethport, Pa., for the election of directors and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held at office of said bank on Tuesday the 14th day of January, 1919, From 12 m. to 2 p. m.

adv 50w3 E. E. DRAKE, Cashier.

FOR SALE.

Heavy pair of draft horses. Inquire of GUST E. ANDERSON,
adv50w3 Mt Jewett, Pa

A little ad in the MINER will do the business if you need help, have something to buy or sell, have lost or found something. Try a few lines. Advertise in the MINER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT NEAR ELDRED.

Allen Fowler, the 17-year-old son of Mrs. R. J. Fowler, of Almo, met with a distressing accident at about 10 o'clock last Sunday morning when an accidental discharge of a shot gun which he was carrying tore a gaping hole in his left leg just above the ankle and which resulted in the loss of his leg at the Olean hospital that evening. The young man had worked the night trick at the Pennsy tower, south of Eldred, and was returning home from his work. His brother-in-law, Raymond Wright, who had stayed at the Fowler home that night, had gone down and brought Fowler across the river in a boat. The gun had been at the tower and was being taken home. As they were going along the river bank, Wright, who was a little in advance, was startled to hear the report of the gun and turned to see his companion reeling and about to fall. He hurried to him as Fowler cried: "I'm shot! I'm shot!" Realizing at once the serious predicament, Wright, who is a strong young man, picked his companion up, though he weighed about 150 pounds, and hurried for help. He carried the wounded boy nearly to Eldred before he secured aid. Dr. Veecham gave the wound temporary attention and the patient was then hurried to the Olean hospital where the leg was amputated about seven inches below the knee.—Eagle.

LETTER FROM AFLRED OVIATT

France, Nov. 17, 1918.

Dear Father and All:—Have a few minutes to spare so will write a few lines. Well, the war is over and you will be glad to know I have seen it through without missing a trick on the lines or suffering a single wound. The close calls don't count. Hundreds of times I gave up hope but the main fact is I am still here. It seems almost too good to be true. No more gas shells, high explosive, shrapnel or machine gun bullets. When near the lines we could not have any kind of a light or fire, couldn't even smoke. Now it is just like a camp.

Am glad George never had to leave camp. He was crazy to come, but anyone is just as anxious to get back. Tell him to be sure and bring an aero plane home with him. I have had a good boat ride and have lived in the ground and now I want to try the air.

Don't know when we will be sent home. Hope it will be very soon. Give my love to all and write soon.

Lovingly,
ALFRED OVIATT.

OLIVER C. BATES WOUNDED.

Mrs. Isadore Bates of Keating township received the following message from the War Department, Friday:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 13.

Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Private Oliver C. Bates was severely wounded in action about November 11. Further information when received.

HARRIS, Adjutant General.

Oliver Charles Bates is a son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Bates, former residents of Smethport. He is 25 years of age and was in the infantry branch of the service. The parents have the sympathy of all in the misfortune that has befallen their gallant son, which seems doubly deplorable having happened upon the very day that hostilities ceased. Almost every day word is received of death or injury to a Keating township boy. Residents of the township can take a grim pride in the record that is being written. It is terribly hard on the afflicted relatives but shows the quality of the fighting blood of the youth of Keating township.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company for the election of nine directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held in the offices of the company, 303 West Main street, Smethport, Pa., Wednesday, January 8, 1919, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RALPH E. BURDICK,
Secretary

Smethport, Pa., Dec 17, 1918 adv51w2

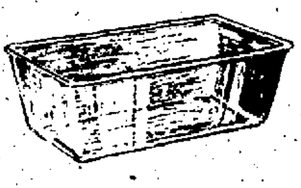
FOR SALE.

Team of horses bay and sorrel.
MRS. A. SCHOONMAKER,
adv50tf East Smethport, Pa.

Send the MINER to your friends. A nice Christmas present—one year for $2.00, six months for $1.00.

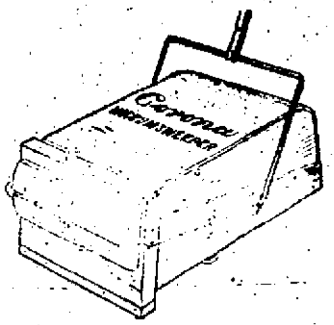
PYREX
("FIRE-GLASS")

Glass Dishes for Baking



Here's a valuable Gift Suggestion that should Appeal to You

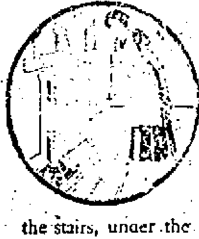
A useful gift for someone that will be appreciated



CHARLES W. MASSER
Hardware

USEFUL GIFTS FOR ALL

come and look them over



Housekeeping [illegible] Task It Used to Be

M[illegible] For instance, the cleaning and polishing of hardwood floors, the dusting of moldings, the tops of high furniture, the stairs, under the radiator, etc. These back-breaking tasks are now made easy with the

O-Cedar Polish Mop

With it you can dust, clean and polish a hardwood floor in the time it formerly took you to get ready to do it.

Besides, you do not have to get down on your hands and knees to dust under the bed or other hard-to-get-at places, or to stand on a chair to dust the top of the high furniture. All of the hard work is now made easy with the O-Cedar Polish Mop. It gathers all the dust or dirt from everywhere and holds it. The mop is easily cleaned by washing and then renewed by pouring on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

Try It at Our Risk Try it two whole days with this understanding: If you do not find it satisfactory in every respect we will return your money. The price is only $1.50 and it will save its price many times over in a short time.

TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN

a large assortment

McKEAN COUNTY

COURT CALENDAR FOR 1919.

	JANUARY.	
January 14th	Argument	2d Tuesday
	FEBRUARY	
February 24th	Regular Term	4th Monday
	APRIL	
April 21st	Civil List	3d Monday

30 Cases—Watch Book to Close March 8, 1919.

	MAY	
May 12th	License	2d Monday
May 15th	Argument	3rd Thursday
May 19th	Naturalization	3d Monday
	JUNE	
[illegible]	Regular Term	1st Monday
	SEPTEMBER	
[illegible]	Argument	[illegible] Thursday
September [illegible]	Civil List	2d Monday

[illegible] Cases—Watch Book to Close July 26, 1919.

	OCTOBER	
October 6th	Regular Term	1st Monday
October 21st	Argument	3d Tuesday
	DECEMBER	
December 8th	Regular Term	2d Monday

SUPREME COURT—1st Monday of May, 1919, at Philadelphia.

SUPERIOR COURT—4th Monday of October 1919, at Philadelphia.

"We're getting along with less coal now"

"I counted the number of shovelfuls yesterday and I believe we'll be able to get through the winter with two or three tons less than last year."

That's what the Perfection Oil Heater is doing for over 3,000,000 homes and it will do it for *you*. Perfections are *safe* and when you use

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

your Perfection will respond with an intense, radiant, smokeless, odorless heat the minute you strike the match.

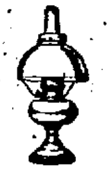
Why Atlantic Rayolight Oil? Because it is so highly refined and purified. It gives most heat per gallon yet costs no more than ordinary kerosene.

Use it in your lamps and lanterns, too. You will get a clear, brilliant light, and without having charred wicks all the time, either.

The best time for you to buy your Perfection Oil Heater is right *now*. Your dealer has them—reasonably priced—$5.65 to $10.00.

The Atlantic Refining Company

Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware



Rayo Lamps

For perfect results, always use Rayo Lamps. The ideal light for all purposes. Made of best materials. Designs for every room. Ask your dealer.

Rayo Lanterns

Your best friend on dark, stormy nights. Never blow out or jar out. Construction insures perfect oil combustion. Ask your dealer.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, Dec. 19.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Masser Brothers Co. has a message to tardy shoppers in its advertisement today that demands attention.

See the Cleveland Tractor advertisement of the Smethport Garage Co. which appears today. Farmers will be especially interested in this matter.

—John W. Lewis, one of the most familiar figures in Cameron county, who was serving his fifth term as a county commissioner, is dead at the age of 72 years. His home was at North Creek and he was a lifelong resident of that county.

—The Red Cross rooms re-opened Tuesday, Dec. 17, and will be open daily from 2 until 5 p. m. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays yarn will be given out and knitted garments received. There is lots of work to be done and the help of everyone is needed. Note change of hours—2 until 5, instead of 1 until 5.

—Court concluded last week with the trial of Ralph Frank, indicted for the murder of James Parcarella and Mrs. Frank Revitte at the home of the latter in Bradford, Thanksgiving evening, 1917. The evidence introduced so clearly showed that the killing was in self-defense that the jury quickly returned a verdict of not guilty. Both Parcarella, the dead man, and Frank, were boarders at the Revitte home, when the tragedy occurred which resulted in the death of Parcarella and Mrs. Revitte. Frank, who had been a prisoner in the county jail since the murder of the two Italians in Bradford over a year ago, nearly went wild with happiness, kissing many of his fellow-countrymen and shaking hands with many others. He returned to Bradford Thursday afternoon where he will work at anything he can get to do, he says. Frank has gained fifty pounds while in jail and wishes to do some strenuous work. He is enjoying the best of health.

—The Fry Co. publishes its last bunch of Christmas store news this week. Don't fail to read the interesting advertisement.

—Angelina Schaeffer, of Chicago, choked to death yesterday on a tooth that became loosened during a spell of laughter inspired by a newspaper joke. As usual, no credit was given.—John D. Wells.

—The Marmon-Bradford Company has been organized by well known business men of Bradford to take over from the Smethport Garage Co. the agency for Marmon cars for western McKean county and [illegible]. The new organization comprises R. [illegible] George, R. F. Hazelton, Jr., J. Russell Case and F. R. Nicholas. The new concern will occupy the former location of the Smethport Garage Co. on Main street at Chestnut, for salesrooms with service station in the rear where a full line of accessories will be carried. Mr. Nicholas, who has officiated as the courteous manager for the Smethport Garage Company will retain the same relation to the new company.

—An army aeroplane passed through this locality Monday noon and caused considerable excitement among the citizens of Coudersport, Austin, Costello, Odin, Roulette, Moore's Run where it could be seen plainly. The government has been trying to establish an aerial mail route between Buffalo and Washington and it is believed that the plane drifted up into this locality by mistake in making the route between Buffalo and Washington. The plane was gray, the government color, and the insignia of the United States army could be seen by many spectators. It passed along the eastern side of the valley about noon in the [illegible], turned and went back the western side of the valley. In some places it came within 50 or [illegible] of the ground. At [illegible] it was reported to have been seen in Olean.—Coudersport Democrat.

—Send the MINER to your friends. A nice Christmas present—one year for **$2.00, six months for $1.00.**

POMONA GRANGE MEETING.

Pomona Grange met at Port Allegany Wednesday, Dec. 4th, with 52 members present. The weather conditions, as well as the "flu" scare, prevented any larger attendence. The election of officers was the most important business and resulted in the following:

Master, C. R. Tubbs, Turtle Point.

Overseer, C. J. Carey, Eldred.

Lecturer, P. S. Crossman, Smethport.

Steward, H. W. Abbey, Turtle Point.

Ass't Steward, P. J. Hackett, Smethport.

Chaplain, Mrs. O. W. Abbey, Turtle Point.

Gate Keeper, L. A. Patterson, Farmers Valley.

Treasurer, E. J. White, Ceres.

Secretary, Laura Day, Smethport.

An open session was held immediately following the election, at which time Mr. Godfrey of Olean and C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany gave interesting addresses. Short talks were also given by several of the members.

Merely Look Wise.

No assembly, sanhedrim, areopagus or court of star chamber ever looked more solemn or more profound than a smoking car full of commuters; they sit in a 70-foot box of blue vapor, busy with the persistent and futile scratching of dud matches; and yet nowhere on earth will you hear so much balderdash uttered.

We implore women, particularly women young and fair, not to be misled by the sage and philosophic bearing of man as he lights his pipe. A man kindling tobacco is no wiser than a woman putting hairpins in her hair.

Like most things which are entirely true, this is very sad. For if ever a man should be wise and profound as Rabindranath and Ralph Waldo Trine together, it is when he is accomplishing this sacred and pensive rite of lighting up.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SECOND-HAND STOVES AND FURNITURE.

Second-hand stoves and furniture for sale. We also buy them. Call phone 26-M if you wish to buy or sell.

adv49tf. MEYER ZAFRON

MILLINERY FOR FALL.

We are ready for your fall trade with the season's choice offerings in millinery. This season's offerings are especially beautiful and every woman will be interested in our display. We cordially invite you to call and see if your particular style is not here. Every effort is made to please our patrons.

CARRIE CLARK

ad36-tf.

GOVERNMENT RURAL CARRIER EXAMINATIONS

In Smethport January 11. Men and women eligible. For free particulars regarding examinations write J. E. Leonard, (former Civil Service Examiner, Kenois Building, Washington, D. C. adv19w2

IT'S EASY FOR A LADY TO BUY HIM A USEFUL PRESENT HERE

BATH ROBES.
$5.00 to $10.00.

SMOKING JACKETS
$6.00 to $8.00.

TIES 25c to $1.00.
SCARFS 50c to $3.00.

BAGS AND SUIT CASES.

MANY OTHERS AND ALL USEFUL.

H. W. RUBIN & SON

See McKean County Miner's

BIG SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

You Get ALL FOUR of These

MAGAZINES and OUR NEWSPAPER

For One Year Each FOR $2.55 Order Now

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

THIS OFFER IS LIABLE TO BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.
ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday December 19, 1918.

The McKean County Miner threw a fit last week when it said: "There was absolutely no excuse for that resolution passed by Port Allegany's health board stating that influenza was prevalent in Smethport, when as a matter of fact there was not one case of influenza in this borough. It shows a deplorable lack of ordinary intelligence to pass a resolution of that kind without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts." As [illegible] Port Allegany [illegible] board [illegible] obtained its information through Smethport citizens whom the Smethport Board of Health had failed to muzzle like the politicians they sent over [illegible] that if the Miner thinks the Port Allegany Board of Health shows a "deplorable lack of ordinary intelligence," what does it think about the Smethport Board of Health which sent out a circular to the various Boards of Health and School Boards throughout the county trying to intimate that there was no influenza in McKean County. Even the Miner must admit that no Port Allegany Board of Health would pull off such a boner as that.—Reporter-Argus.

If the Reporter-Argus composed its portion of the foregoing as a truthful statement it might far better have been left unsaid. Notwithstanding developments that have since occurred the fact remains that the MINER'S statement was entirely correct and certainly justified at the time it was made. There was not a case of influenza in Smethport at that time. There was not a town in the county that was under quarantine. Some influenza was prevalent at Norwich and Betula, but outside of that section conditions looked very favorable to safely holding the annual institute. The spirit that prompted the Port Allegany board of health to go outside of the Smethport board to obtain its information regarding the health of this community is not at all commendable and it is apparent that the Port Allegany board was incorrectly informed by adopting those tactics. The Smethport Board of Health did not send out circulars to the various boards of health and school boards in the county. Therefore the puny effort of the Reporter Argus to conceal the fact that the Port Allegany health board was peevish over the quarantine declared against that town by Smethport a few weeks ago, and adopted means of reprisal corresponding to its mental calibre, is rather demoralized by a plain statement of the facts in the matter.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act protects the soldier from litigation only during the period of his military service. Furthermore, it does not in any way prevent the occurrence or facilitate the solution of the legal difficulties which may arise in his absence. When he is away from home for an indefinite period and his affairs must be entrusted to his wife or to friends, such difficulties are particularly prone to occur. The accumulated troubles of his absence, therefore, face him on his return. Especially in the instance of small farmers, small business men and professional men with small practices who are most apt to need legal advice, profits will not begin to come in for months to come out of which funds to provide legal assistance can be had. And yet, 30 days after discharge from active military service judgment may be entered against the returned soldier and in 90 days his opportunity to have opened by the court any judgment entered against him during his military service is lost. A few weeks' delay, due to accident or misinformation, prevents the discharged man from taking advantage of the provisions of the act. It will be difficult for many who intend to take advantage of this privilege to realize that two months before they are required to cease wearing uniforms they will be in every sense civilians before the law, and must take immediate steps if they are to enjoy the protection of the Act.

The foregoing paragraph is taken from the latest bulletin on the subject of proper advice and co-operation of Legal Advisory Boards for returning soldiers. Their families should take pains to see that they are informed of the members of these boards that they may know whom to call upon when in need of legal advice. Citizens generally are requested to spread this propaganda in order that the families of the soldiers may come to a knowledge of the matter. The personnel of McKean County Legal Committee is as follows:

Smethport: C. W. Shattuck, Guy B. Mayo, T. H. Morrison, F. D. Gallup.

Kane: John E. Mullin, Frank Woods, R. G. Berkhouse, Charles Hubbard, R. J. Campbell.

Eldred: John F. Tuohey.

Bradford: R. B. Stone, W. E. Burdick, Harry Wick, Francis M. Nash, T. B. Wilson, Lester R. Simons, E. J. Jones, Thos. Melvin, Katherine Burke, Elizabeth O'Meara, John Melvin, J. P. Devlin.

Port Allegany: C. W. Catlin, S. W. Smith, D. S. Helmer, Percy Tyler.

Enterprising operators of canning factories in the East are about to start a brand new industry, the canning of jackrabbit meat, which laboratory tests have revealed has considerable food value. The product is expected to do much to relieve the shortage of [illegible] be readily used as sandwich filler. [illegible] necessity [illegible] For years it has been the custom in the West to have jackrabbit drives, the fecundity of the animal being such as to make it a pest unless some measure was taken to keep it down. Now thousands of tons of edible flesh, which has been wasted in the past, will be turned to good account. Already one factory has put in a bid for 2,000,000 rabbits at 15 cents apiece. The flesh will go to the tables, the fur will be used in making hats and the refuse will make fertilizer. The State of Kansas thinks an adequate supply of jackrabbits can be found within her borders to meet present requirements, and the Salina Journal pertinently inquires, "Why should Kansas jackrabbits be canned in the East? Why don't the factories move out to where the rabbits are?" This is a consistent query to come from the Sun Flower State, which so nobly supported the party of protection in the November elections. Probably the same Kansans who propound that question will soon be asking the Democratic party this question, for example: "Why should American cotton be woven in Europe or Japan? Why don't the factories move to the country where the cotton is? Because the Kansas farmer knows that the more industrial activity and prosperity there is in the United States the greater is the home market for Kansas corn and wheat. And, by the way, Kansas' contribution to the food supply this year would give every man, woman and child in the United States one bushel of wheat. Suppose the industrial depression of 1914, caused by Democratic tariff tinkering, were on now, and the Russian wheat supply were meeting European needs? Would not the Kansans be burning their grain as they did in 1914?

According to a statement issued by the Food Administration, the food situation is more serious than ever before, and there is danger of an enormous loss of life in Europe in the next few months through starvation. So far as it goes, economy in food is important. What is still more important is assurance of increased production next season. In these times of high prices the amount of food wasted is relatively small. There is little hope of reducing that small amount of waste. For food supply, therefore, we must turn to increased production. Farmers must be assured that they will have an adequate supply of help next spring and summer to do the planting, cultivating and harvesting. High city wages took the help away from the farm. Those who will solve the food problem must first solve the problem of getting the labor back to the country districts.

By the intensive employment of some 300 workers the Presidential quarters on the George Washington, formerly of the North German Lloyd, were placed in a fit condition to receive their august guest. Mr. Wilson's suite of rooms was done in dark mahogany and grey, while in Mrs. Wilson's apartments pink was made the dominant color with the mahogany. The entire main deck was glassed in that the rigors of North Atlantic breezes may not penetrate and inflame the Presidential throat. Of course the fitting up of this ocean White House for a few days' occupancy by Mr. Wilson cost a sum of money. But what of that? We are in the midst of a big sale of war savings stamps and it will take only a few thousand of them to pay for the improvements.

The MINER will not be issued next week. It is the one week in the year when the force have a little time to themselves and equipment about the office is placed in shape for another year's work. Next week marks the end of the first year under its present management and the MINER sincerely thanks its many patrons for the liberal support accorded it during the year. Especial thanks are due the correspondents for the faithful aid rendered by them. As the next issue of the paper appears January 2, the MINER takes this opportunity of wishing one and all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

AUDITORS REPORT OF KEATING TWP. ROAD FUND FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 2nd 1918.

Audited at Hamlin Bank December 2nd. to 7th 1918.

Receipts.

Balance from last Auditors Report (Cash in Bank)	784.07	
Amount received from Coll. Rice, being over paid on 1916 taxes and credited to his 1917 tax Collections	.95	
Amount received from Col. Rice on 1917 Tax duplicate	824 06	
Amount received from Coll. Rice on 1918 Tax Duplicate	5000 88	
Amount received from State Treasury Department	1620 10	
Amount received from County Treasurer Potter	1085 50	
Amount received as loans from Hamlin Bank	2175 00	
Amount received from Herline & Johnson, for use of Road Roller Machine	42 00	
Amount received from Coal Sold	8.50	
Amount received from Smith Bros. [illegible] for use of Road [illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]
By Paid [illegible] J. D. Abbey	[illegible]	
[illegible] C. H. Curtis	[illegible]	
[illegible] N. U. Hyde	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]
By Paid Labor J. D. Abbey	[illegible]	
By Paid Labor C. H. Curtis	[illegible]	
By Paid Labor N. U. Hyde	627 13	
	$2162 [illegible]	$2162 [illegible]
By Paid Road Masters, J. D. Abbey	$237 50	
By Paid Road Masters, C. H. Curtis	187 00	
By Paid Road Masters, N. U. Hyde	566.00	
	$1086 50	$1086 50
By Paid Traction Engine J. D. Abbey	$ 27 50	
By Paid Traction Engine C. H. Curtis	410.00	
By Paid Traction Engine N. U. Hyde	140 00	
	$577 50	$577 50
		$6478 58
By Paid for Printing & Auditing	$131 00	
By Paid For Collectors Fees	161 77	
By Paid for New Road Machines	2081 64	
By Paid for Secretary & Treasurer's Salaries	157 51	
By Paid for Freight & Drayage	.75	
By Paid for Water Troughs	36 00	
By Paid for Coal, Feed & Oil	298 06	
By Paid for Rent of Team Hauling Road Roller Machine	10 00	
By Paid for Compensation Insurance	37 46	
By Paid for Bridges & Sluices	1120 23	
By Paid for Blacksmithing	11 10	
By Paid for Supervisors Attending Convention	4 00	
By Paid for Interest on Notes & Bonds	78 28	
By Paid for Stationery Telephone & Office Supplies	36 66	
By Paid for Gravel, Sand & Cinders	41 35	
By Paid for Lumber	136 55	
By Paid for Hardware	100 20	
By Paid for Auto Hire	17 00	
By Paid for Sign Boards	103 60	
	$4801 73	$4801 73
		$11280 31
To Balance Amount in Hamlin Bank		339 95
		$11620 [illegible]

H. J. Rice Collector, in account with Keating Township.

Dr.		
To amount due from Coll. Rice on 1917 Tax Duplicate	$893 55	$893 55
Cr.		
By Amount being over paid on 1916 duplicate and credited to his 1917 Tax duplicate	.95	
By Amount paid on 1917 Duplicate	824 06	
By Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1917 Duplicate to Balance	9 81	
Including 5% added to Taxes after Oct. 1st, 1917	$834 82	
By Amount of 1917 Tax exonerations	58 73	
	$893 55	$893 55
Dr.		
To Amount of 1918 Tax Duplicate	5968 01	
To Amount of 5% added as penalty to tax payers after Oct. 1st, 1918,	46 96	
	$6014 97	$6014 97
Cr.		
By Amount Paid on 1918 Tax Duplicate	$5012 56	
To Amount of 5% Discount allowed Tax Payers to June 1st	211 19	
By Amount Paid Collected at Par	801 37	
By Amount Paid being Collected after Oct. 1st	226 00	
By Amount Paid being 5% penalty added to Taxes after October 1st 1918	10 55	
By Amount of Exonerations on 1918 Tax Duplicate	27 18	
By amount due from Coll. Rice on 1918 Tax Duplicate to Balance	715 72	
	$6014 97	$6014 97

Liabilities of Keating Township

Outstanding Bonds	$1500 00	
Outstanding Orders	2466 00	
Loans from Hamlin Bank	2075 00	
Amount of Notes Payable as per Contract of Road Roller	1000 00	
Outstanding Bills	1708 80	
	$8749 80	$8749 80

Resources.

Amount due from Collector Rice on 1917 Taxes including 5% added to Taxes after Oct. 1st	$9 81	
Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1918 Taxes inc. 5% added	715 72	
Amount of Cash in Hamlin Bank	339 95	
Amount due from County Treasurer Potter on 1917 unseated Tax duplicate	120 25	
Amount due from County Treasurer Potter on 1918 unseated Tax duplicate	1213 28	
	2398 11	
LIABILITIES in excess of Resources	6351 78	
	$8749 80	$8749 80

Keating Township have on hand one Road Roller valued at $2500.00, One Traction Engine and Road Drags valued at $1000. If sold the cash would be considered a Resource.

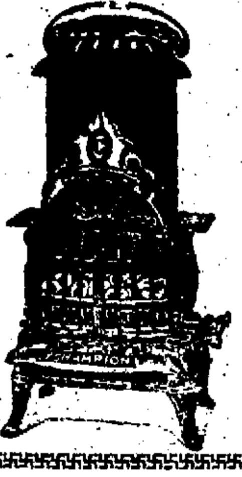
We, the auditors of Keating Township having examined the accounts of Treasurer B. E. Curtis and Collector H. J. Rice do find them as above stated.

And herewith attach our hand and seal.

P. E. BROCKHAM.
CHAS. T. FREDERICKS,
S. D. CRAWFORD.
Auditors.

Hamlin Bank, Dec. 7th, 1918.

Send the MINER to your friends. A nice Christmas present: one year for $2.00, six months for $1.00.



THE CHAMPION WOOD, GAS OR COAL HEATER.

One of the most satisfactory heaters for sale on the market.

CHAS. W. MASSER,
Smethport —:— Penna.
Hardware.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We have a full line of Christmas Candies and Nuts, Oranges, Celery and Grapes, fancy Northern Spy Apples.

All Christmas Dainties at a very low price.

Come in and be convinced.

The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE
Furniture and Wall Paper
Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of building from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

FIGHT THE FLU WITH GOOD EATS.

Half the battle is won if your system is nourished with good food. Get the pure unadulterated lines of food stuffs—the kind we sell here.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY
The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

Don't forget the Old Reliable Stand when buying Christmas presents.

Toilet Cases, Knitting Sets, Work Boxes, beautiful line of Ladies' Purses, Perfumes, a full line of Stationery. In fact everything to make the heart glad for Christmas.

The Old Reliable Stand
H. C. WELLS
Drug Store.

PYREX PYREX

PYREX

Useful Xmas Gifts

The transparent ovenware—

sanitary, economical, durable

Pyrex oven dishes save food, fuel and labor. Every practical shape and size. A most useful present that is sure to please.

Prices from 75c to $3.50.

MIRROR ALUMINIUM WARE

WITH ITS MANY QUALITY FEATURES

Tea Kettles at $5.50. Casseroles at $2.25. Tea Pots at $2.25 and $3.75

Double Boilers at $3.50. Coffee Percolators at $2.25 and $3.00

Boiled Egg Slicers $1.50

ANY ONE OF THESE A SERVICEABLE AND PLEASING GIFT

Mirror Aluminum *Mirror Aluminum*

B. T. GARLICK

"The Corner Hardware"

Do your Christmas Shopping Early in the Morning

If necessary do your shopping by telephone. We will give all orders the best of attention. Phone 149.

Our store is fumigated every night

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, Dec. 19.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

See H. W. Rubin & Son's gift suggestions in another column.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ness Friday, December 13, 1918, a son.

The Lindholm Grocery advertises goodies for Christmas in another *column of to-day's paper.*

—Mrs. J. C. Cunningham is confined to her home on East Main street suffering with erysipelas.

Dr. J. Lee Eberly, who has conducted a dental office in Smethport for the past two years, has closed his practice here and will locate in Johnsonburg. Dr. and Mrs. Eberly have made many friends in Smethport who will regret to have them depart.

The Red Cross headquarters will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week and New Years day.

Miss Mary Anderson who has been seriously ill at her home on East Main street, suffering with pneumonia, is very much better at this time.

—Charles W. Masser, the hardware man has a big Christmas advertisement to which your attention is directed. Some useful presents are named.

—Henry McGavisk of East Smethport who is employed at Mayburg, Pa., who has been seriously ill with influenza is now on the gain which is pleasing news to his many *friends*.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton has received the good news that her husband Dr. Hamilton of the U. S. A. Medical corps is now Captain Hamilton having recently been promoted. He has seen strenuous service in France and is now located at Base Hospital [illegible] Nevers France. The Medical Corps of the Army is still very busy and will be, probably, for months to come.

[illegible] home on a furlough with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Richmond of this place, and with other relatives in the county. He is stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia.

The Grange National Bank announces that its Christmas Savings Club for 1919 will be started next week. This is interesting news to thrifty people. See the announcement on page eight.

John Connolly, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly of Water street, has returned home after serving several months in the service of his country at Edgewood Arsenal, at Baltimore, Md. He is in the Military Police and Firemen service.

East Smethport seems to be peculiarly fortunate in escaping influenza. One explanation offered is that the various odors given off by the chemical factories are sure death to the most robust germs that ever lived. At any rate influenza cases are very rare in that locality.

Through the initiative and general hustling abilities of Rev. E. H. Edson and with the aid of the Red Cross and benevolently disposed ladies, St. Luke's parish house has been turned into a hospital for the care of sick people whose home conditions do not make for them receiving the best of attention. At the present time a number of patients are receiving the very best of care there and several nurses are in attendance. Rev. Mr. Edson who is proving himself a most valuable man to have in the community, is receiving much merited commendation for his promptness and the energetic way in which he went about the establishment of the hospital.

—The MINER has certainly worked under difficulties during the past two weeks—the busiest weeks of the year under ordinary circumstances, having been without the service of a linotype operator much of the time. Consequently the paper has not been up to the standard which we would have liked to have had it and advertising from various sources had to be refused. While other printing offices in the town have lent their aid which is heartily appreciated they also are busy at this season and cannot spend much time to help others. However, the MINER'S difficulties are but temporary, and commencing with the next issue January 2, we hope to be back to old time form and, with surplus aid so that contemplated improvements in the paper can be made.

—Mrs. Ernest Peterson of Olean, N. Y., called on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Nourse, Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Julius Flatow of Kane were guests last week of Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick, from Monday until Friday.

—Mrs. Leonard Doyle of New York City arrived in town Tuesday and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hogarth.

—William Broughton of the Transport Levathian, is spending a furlough here, a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Thos. McDermott, and family.

Corporal Herman McCammon of Camp Fort Bliss, Texas, and sister, Mrs. Ora Burdick, of Perry, N. Y., spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]

Noble Schoonmaker of East Smethport, who is in the U. S. service [illegible] psychological examiner, has [illegible] commission as a first lie[illegible]

[illegible]

William O. Hapgood, one of Bradford's oldest, best known, and most highly respected citizens, passed away at 1.50 Tuesday morning in his apartments over No. 8 Congress street, following an illness of only one hour with endocarditis. He was 71 years of age. Surviving are one son, Hon. Robert P. Hapgood, of Bradford, and one daughter, Mrs. C. E. Cosolosky, of Crafton, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Julia Fay was the guest of Mrs. J. [illegible] and family of Olean this week.

[illegible] who is employed [illegible] spent the week-end with his family in Kane.

Miss [illegible] Rose spent Sunday in [illegible] with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] who has been employed [illegible] for some time has returned to her home in this place.

Harold [illegible] of the National [illegible] is visiting his mother, Mrs. N. M. [illegible] and family.

Albert Jackson of the Carnegie Tech. S. A. T. C. at Pittsburgh has returned to his home in this place.

Mrs. Eva Miller returned Monday from Bradford where she had been on account of the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. John Lewitz.

[illegible] S. A. T. C. of [illegible] returned to their [illegible] Saturday.

Mrs. George [illegible] who spent the week with her daughter, Mrs. Henry [illegible] of East Smethport has returned to her home in Conneaut, Ohio.

Mrs. Jesse Sterns of Andover is spending the week with friends in the city, before going to Smethport where she will visit relatives before returning home. Saturday's Olean Herald.

Mrs. F. J. Shattuck of Lanesville, Pa., is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harry L. Backus, called here on account of the illness of her three grandchildren, Clarissa, Harry, Jr., and William Backus.

Mrs. J. W. Wilson of New York City returned to her home last Saturday after a visit with her brother, C. P. Johnson and family. She brought with her her sister's infant, Alma Jeanette Searholm, of Chicago, whose mother died recently with pneumonia. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will keep the baby for some time.

A GREAT COLLECTION OF XMAS GOODS

for Men and Boys. At no other store can you find such excellent values as you will find in this store. Truly a matchless collection of handsome

Neckwear, at 60c to $1.50.

Silk Mufflers, in rich colorings, at 50c to $4.00.

Jewelry, Purses, Handkerchiefs, Belts, Fur Caps, Suit Cases, Hats, Caps, Silk and Madras Shirts.

Silk and Lisle Hosiery and an endless variety of other useful

XMAS GIFTS at

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Pictorial Patterns Arrow Shirts

THE FRY COMPANY

SMETHPORT PENNSYLVANIA

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Only eight short shopping days before Christmas eve and at this season of the year you know time fairly flies. We're ready with a store full of Holiday suggestions—gifts to your friends and to those who have been less fortunate than yourself—select your gifts for them with care. This list will help you. It will afford us pleasure to show you through.

—GIFTS FOR MEN.

[illegible] gifts that men will like.

Shirts, 75c to $5.00. Neckwear, 25c to $1. Gloves, 50c to $1.75. Scarfs, 25c to $2.00. Hose, 25c to $1.00. Suspenders, 50c to $1.00. Smoking Sets, $2.50. Military Brushes, $2.00 to $5.00. Shaving Sets, $1.50 to $2.50. Cuff Buttons, 25c to $4.75. Scarf Pins, 25c to $3.75. Watch Charms, 25c to $4.00. Hdkfs., 5c to $1.00, and a host of other New Things in the Men's wear section.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN.

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THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SILAS WRIGHT

By

IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF
EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC.

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

[illegible] was there in the dooryard the day that the old ragged woman came along and told our fortunes; she was called Rovin' Kate, and was said to have the gift of "second sight," whatever that may be. It was a bright autumn day and the leaves lay deep in the edge of the woodlands. She spoke never a word but stood pointing at her palm and then at Amos and at me.

Aunt Deel nodded and said:

"Ayes, Kate—tell their fortunes if ye've anything to say—ayes!"

She brought two sheets of paper and the old woman sat down upon the grass and began to write with a little stub of a pencil. I have now those fateful sheets of paper covered by the scrawls of old Kate. I remember how she shook her head and sighed and sat tapping her forehead with the knuckles of her bony hands after she had looked at the palm of Amos. Swiftly the point of her pencil ran over and up and down the sheet like the movements of a frightened serpent. In the silence how loudly the pencil seemed to hiss in its swift lines and loops!

My aunt exclaimed "Mercy!" as she looked at the sheet; for while I knew not, then, the strange device upon the paper, I knew, by and by, that it was a gibbet. Beneath it were the words: "Money thirst shall burn like a fire in him."

She rose and smiled as she looked into my face. I saw a kind, gentle glow in her eyes that reassured me. She clapped her hands with joy. She examined my palm and grew serious and stood looking thoughtfully at the setting sun.

I see, now, her dark figure standing against the sunlight as it stood that day with Amos in its shadow. What a singular eloquence in her pose and gestures and in her silence! I remember how it bound our tongues—that silence of hers!

The woman turned with a kindly smile and sat down in the grass again and took the sheet of paper—and resting it on a yellow-covered book began to write these words:

"I see the longing of the helper. One, two, three, four great perils shall strike at him. He shall not be afraid. God shall fill his heart with laughter. I hear guns, I hear many voices. His name is in them. He shall be strong. The powers of darkness shall fear him, he shall be a lawmaker and the friend of God and of many people, and great men shall bow to his judgment and he shall—"

She began shaking her head thoughtfully and did not finish the sentence, and by and by the notion came to me that some unpleasant vision must have halted her pencil.

Aunt Deel brought some luncheon wrapped in paper and the old woman took it and went away. My aunt folded the sheets and put them in her trunk and we thought no more of them until—but we shall know soon what reminded us of the prophet woman.

The autumn passed swiftly. I went to the village one Saturday with Uncle Peabody in high hope of seeing the Dunkelbergs, but at their door we learned that they had gone up the river on a picnic. What a blow it was to me! Tears flowed down my cheeks and I clung to my uncle's hand and walked back to the main street of the village. A squad of small boys jeered and stuck out their tongues at me. It was pity for my sorrow, no doubt, that led Uncle Pea-[illegible]

[illegible] three [illegible] to Aunt [illegible] I helped myself to [illegible] It was the [illegible] Aunt Liza's boy, Truman, got a silver watch and chain and her [illegible] sister Mary a gold ring, and when all the relatives were invited to come and be convinced, once and for all, of Uncle Roswell's prosperity, and be filled with envy and [illegible] with jelly and preserves and roast turkey with sage dressing and mince and chicken pie. What an amount of preparation we had made for the journey, and how long we had talked about it!

In the spring my uncle hired a man to work for us—a noisy, brawny, sharp-featured fellow with keen gray eyes, of the name of Dug Draper. Aunt Deel hated him. I feared him but regarded him with great hope because he had a funny way of wid[illegible] [illegible] he could [illegible] words that had a new and wonderful sound in them. I made up my mind that he was likely to become a valuable asset when I heard Aunt Deel saw to my Uncle Peabody:

"You'll have to send that loafer away, right now, ayes, I guess you will."

"Why?"

"Because this boy has learnt to swear like a pirate—ayes—he has!"

Uncle Peabody didn't know it but I myself had begun to suspect it, and that hour the man was sent away, and I remember that he left in anger with a number of those new words flying from his lips. A forced march to the upper room followed that event. Uncle Peabody explained that it was wicked to swear—that boys who did it had very bad luck, and mine came in a moment. I never had more of it come along in the same length of time.

After I ceased to play with the Wills boy Uncle Peabody used to say, often, it was a pity that I hadn't somebody of my own age for company. Every day I felt sorry that the Wills boy had turned out so badly, and I doubt not the cat and the shepherd dog and the chickens and Uncle Peabody also regretted his failures, especially the dog and Uncle Peabody, who bore all sorts of indignities for my sake.

One day when Uncle Peabody went for the mail he brought Amos Grimshaw to visit me. He was four years older than I—a freckled, red-haired boy with a large mouth and thin lips. He wore a silver watch and chain, which strongly recommended him in my view and enabled me to endure his air of condescension.

He let me feel it and look it all over and I slyly touched the chain with my tongue just to see if it had any taste to it, and Amos told me that his father had given it to him and that it always kept him "kind o' scairt."

"Why?"

"For fear I'll break er lose it an' git licked," he answered.

He took a little yellow paper-covered book from his pocket and began to read to himself.

"What's that?" I ventured to ask by and by.

"A story," he answered. "I met a ragged ol' woman in the road t'other day an' she give me a lot of 'em and showed me the pictures an' I got to readin' 'em. Don't you tell anybody 'cause my ol' dad hates stories an' he'd lick me 'til I couldn't stan' if he knew I was readin' 'em."

I begged him to read out loud and he read from a tale of two robbers named Hangman Bob and Lightfoot who lived in a cave in the mountains. They were bold, free, swearing men who [illegible] horses at a wild gallop and carried guns and used them freely and with unerring skill and helped themselves to what they wanted.

He stopped, by and by, and confided to me the fact that he thought he would run away and join a band of robbers.

"How do you run away?" I asked.

"Jist take the turnpike and keep goin' toward the mountains. When ye meet a band of robbers give 'em the sign an' tell 'em you want to join."

He went on with the book and read how the robbers had hung a captive who had persecuted them and interfered with their sport. The story explained how they put the rope around the neck of the captive and threw the other end of it over the limb of a tree and pulled the man into the air.

He stopped suddenly and demanded: "Is there a long rope here?"

I pointed to Uncle Peabody's hay rope hanging on a peg.

"Le's hang a captive," he proposed.

At first I did not comprehend his meaning. He got the rope and threw its end over the big beam. Our old shepherd dog had been nosing the mow near us for rats. Amos caught the dog who, suspecting no harm, came passively to the rope's end. He tied the rope around the dog's neck.

"We'll draw him up on it—it won't hurt him any," he proposed.

I looked at him in silence. My heart smote me, but I hadn't courage to take issue with the owner of a silver watch. When the dog began to struggle I threw my arms about him and [illegible] to

When the Dog Began to Struggle, I Threw My Arms About Him and Cried.

be near. She came and saw Amos pulling at the rope and me trying to save the dog.

"Come right down off'n that mow—this minute," said she.

When we had come down and the dog had followed, pulling the rope after him, Aunt Deel was pale with anger.

"Go right home—right home," said she to Amos.

"Mr. Baynes said that he would take me up with the horses," said Amos.

"Ye can not shake dust—ayes!—they're [illegible] for you," Aunt Deel insisted, and so the boy went away in disgrace.

"Where are your pennies?" Aunt Deel said to me.

I felt in my pockets but couldn't find them.

"Where did ye have 'em last?" my aunt demanded.

"On the haymow."

"Come an' show me."

We went to the mow and searched for the pennies, but not one of them could we find.

I remembered that when I saw them last Amos had them in his hand.

"I'm awful 'fraid for him—ayes I be!" said Aunt Deel. "I'm 'fraid Rovin' Kate was right about him—ayes!"

"What did she say?" I asked.

"That he was goin' to be hung—ayes! You can't play with him no more. Boys that take what don't belong to 'em—which I hope he didn't—ayes I hope 't awful—are apt to be hung by their necks until they are dead—jest as he was goin' to hang ol' Shep—ayes!—they are!"

Uncle Peabody seemed to feel very bad when he learned how Amos had turned out.

"Don't say a word about it," said he. "Mebbe you lost the pennies. Don't mind 'em."

Soon after that, one afternoon, Aunt Deel came down in the field where we were dragging. While she was talking with Uncle Peabody an idea occurred to me, and the dog and I ran for the house. There was a pot of honey on the top shelf of the pantry and ever since I had seen it put there I had cherished secret desires.

I ran into the deserted house, and with the aid of a chair climbed to the first shelf and then to the next, and reached into the pan and drew out a comb of honey, and with no delay whatever it went to my mouth. Suddenly it seemed to me that I had been hit by lightning. It was the sting of a bee. I felt myself going and made a wild grab and caught the edge of the pan and down we came to the floor—the pan and I—with a great crash.

I discovered that I was in desperate pain and trouble and I got to my feet and ran. I didn't know where I was going. It seemed to me that any other place would be better than that. My feet took me toward the barn and I crawled under it and hid there. My lip began to feel better, by and by, but big and queer. It stuck out so that I could see it. I heard my uncle coming with the horses. I concluded that I would stay where I was, but the dog came and sniffed and barked at the hole through which I had crawled as if saying, "Here he is!" My position was untenable. I came out. Shep began trying to clean my clothes with his tongue. Uncle Peabody stood near with the horses. He looked at me. He stuck his finger into the honey on my coat and smelt it.

"Well, by—" he stopped and came closer and asked.

"What's happened?"

"Bee stung me," I answered.

"Where did ye find so much honey that ye could go swimmin' in it?" he asked.

I heard the door of the house open suddenly and the voice of Aunt Deel.

"Peabody; Peabody, come here quick," she called.

Uncle Peabody ran to the house, but I stayed out with the dog.

Through the open door I heard Aunt Deel saying: "I can't stan' it any longer and I won't—not another day—yes, I can't stan' it. That boy is a reg'lar pest."

They came out on the veranda. Uncle Peabody said nothing, but I could see that he couldn't stand it either. My brain was working fast.

"Come here, sir," Uncle Peabody called.

I knew it was serious, for he had never called me "sir" before. I went slowly to the steps.

"My Lord!" Aunt Deel exclaimed. "Look at that lip and the honey all over him—ayes! I tell ye—I can't stan' it."

"Say, boy, is there anything on this place that ye ain't tipped over?" Uncle Peabody asked in a sorrowful tone. "Wouldn't ye like to tip the house over?"

I was near breaking down in this answer:

"I went into the butt'ry and the pan jumped on to me."

"Didn't you taste the honey?"

"No," I [illegible] my breath and shook my head.

"[illegible]" said Aunt Deel. "I [illegible]"

[illegible]

Uncle Peabody stopped. He had been driven to the last ditch, but he had not stepped over it. However, I knew what he had started to say and sat down on the steps in great dejection. Shep followed, working at my coat with his tongue.

I think the sight of me must have touched the heart of Aunt Deel.

"Peabody Baynes, we mustn't be cruel," said she in a softer tone, and then she brought a rag and began to assist Shep in the process of cleaning my coat. "Good land! He's got to stay here—ayes!—he ain't got no other place to go to."

"But if you can't stan' it," said Uncle Peabody.

"I've got to stan' it—ayes!—I can't stan' it, but I've got to—ayes! So have you."

Aunt Deel put me to bed although it was only five o'clock. As I lay looking up at the shingles a singular resolution came to me. It was born of my longing for the companionship of my kind and of my resentment. I would go and live with the Dunkelbergs. I would go the way they had gone and find them. I knew it was ten miles away, but of course everybody knew where the Dunkelbergs lived and any one would show me. I would run and get there before dark and tell them that I wanted to live with them and every day I would play with Sally Dunkelberg. Uncle Peabody was not half as nice to play with as she was.

I heard Uncle Peabody drive away. I watched him through the open window. I could hear Aunt Deel washing the dishes in the kitchen. I got out of bed very slyly and put on my Sunday clothes. I went to the open window. The sun had just gone over the top of the woods. I would have to hurry to get to the Dunkelbergs' before dark. I crept out on the top of the shed and descended the ladder that leaned against it. I stood a moment listening. The dooryard was covered with shadows and very still. The dog must have gone with Uncle Peabody. I ran through the garden to the road and down it as fast as my bare feet could carry me. In that direction the nearest house was almost a mile away. I remember I was out of breath, and the light was growing dim before I got to it. I went on. It seemed to me that I had gone nearly far enough to reach my destination when I heard a buggy coming behind me.

"Hello!" a voice called.

I turned and looked up at Dug Draper, in a single buggy, dressed in his Sunday suit.

"Is it much further to where the Dunkelbergs live?" I asked.

"The Dunkelbergs? Who be they?"

It seemed to me very strange that he didn't know the Dunkelbergs.

"Where Sally Dunkelberg lives."

That was a clincher. He laughed and swore and said:

"Git in here, boy. I'll take ye there."

I got into the buggy, and he struck his horse with the whip and went galloping away in the dusk.

By and by we passed Rovin' Kate. I could just discern her ragged form by the roadside and called to her. He struck his horse and gave me a rude shake and bade me shut up.

It was dark and I felt very cold and began to wish myself home in bed.

"Ain't we most to the Dunkelbergs'?" I asked.

"No—not yet," he answered.

I burst into tears and he shook me roughly and shoved me down on the buggy floor and said:

"You lay there and keep still; do you hear?"

"Yes," I sobbed.

I lay shaking with fear and fighting my sorrow and keeping as still as I could with it, until, wearied by the strain, I fell asleep.

What befell me that night while I dreamed of playing with the sweetheart girl I have wondered often. Some time in the night Dug Draper had reached the village of Canton and got rid of me. He had probably put me out at the water trough. Kind hands had picked me up and carried me to a little veranda that fronted the door of a law office. There I slept peacefully until daylight, when I felt a hand on my face and awoke suddenly. I remember that I felt cold. A kindly faced man was leaning over me.

"Hello, boy!" said he. "Where did you come from?"

I was frightened and confused, but his gentle voice reassured me.

"Uncle Peabody!" I called, as I arose and looked about me and began to cry.

The man lifted me in his arms and held me close to his breast and tried to comfort me. I remember seeing

A Kindly Faced Man Was Leaning Over Me.

the Silent Woman pass while I was in his arms.

"Tell me what's your name," he urged.

"Barton Baynes," I said as soon as I could speak.

"Where do you live?"

"In Lickitysplit."

"How did you get here?"

"Dug Draper brought me. Do you know where Sally Dunkelberg lives?"

"[illegible] of Horace Dunkelberg?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg," [illegible]

"Oh, yes, I know her. Sally is a friend of mine. [illegible] breakfast and [illegible] here."

He carried me to the open door of his office and set me down at his desk. The cold air of the night had chilled me and I was shivering.

"You sit there and I'll have a fire going in a minute and get you warmed up."

He wrapped me in his coat and went into the back room and built a fire in a small stove and brought me in and set me down beside it. He made some porridge in a kettle while I sat holding my little hands over the stove to warm them, and a sense of comfort grew in me.

He dipped some porridge into bowls and put them on a small table. My eyes had watched him with growing interest and I got to the table about as soon as the porridge and mounted a chair and seized a spoon.

"One moment, Bart," said my host. "By jingo! We've forgotten to wash and you're face looks like the dry bed of a river. Come here a minute."

He let me out of the back door, where there were a wash-stand and a pail and tin basin and a dish of soft soap. He dipped the pail in a rain barrel and filled the basin, and I washed myself and waited not upon my host, but made for the table and began to eat, being very hungry, after hastily drying my face on a towel. In a minute he came and sat down to his own porridge and bread and butter.

When he had finished eating he set aside the dishes and I asked:

"Now could I go and see Sally Dunkelberg?"

"What in the world do you want of Sally Dunkelberg?" he asked.

"Oh, just to play with her," I said as I showed him how I could sit on my hands and raise myself from the chair bottom.

"Haven't you any one to play with at home?"

"Only my Uncle Peabody."

"Don't you like to play with him?"

"Oh, some, but he can't stand me any longer. He's all tired out, and my Aunt Deel, too. I've tipped over every single thing on that place. I tipped over the honey yesterday—spilt it all over everything and round my clothes. I'm a reg'ler pest. So I want to play with Sally Dunkelberg. I want to play with her a little while—just a wee little while."

"Forward, march!" said he; and away we started for the home of the Dunkelbergs. The village interested me immensely. I had seen it only twice before. People were moving about in the streets. One thing I did not fail to notice. Every man we met touched his hat as he greeted my friend.

It was a square, frame house—that of the Dunkelbergs—large for that village, and had a big dooryard with trees in it. As we came near the gate I saw Sally Dunkelberg playing with other children among the trees. Suddenly I was afraid and began to hang back. I looked down at my bare feet and my clothes, both of which were dirty. Sally and her friends had stopped their play and were standing in a group looking at us. I heard Sally whisper:

"It's that Baynes boy. Don't he look dirty?"

I stopped and withdrew my hand from that of my guide.

"Come on, Bart," he said.

I shook my head and stood looking over at that little hostile tribe near me.

"Go and play with them while I step into the house," he urged.

Again I shook my head.

"Well, then, you wait here a moment," said my new-found friend.

He left me and I sat down upon [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] Sally, who kissed me, and [illegible] to tell how I happened to be [illegible].

"I guess I ought I wanted some," I said as I twisted a button on my coat, and would say no more to her.

"Mr. Wright, you're going to take him home, are you?" Mrs. Dunkelberg asked.

"Yes. I'll start off with him in an hour or so," said my friend. "I am interested in this boy and I want to see his aunt and uncle."

"Well, Sally, you go down to the office and stay with Bart until they go."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" the man asked of me.

"I don't know," I said.

"That means yes," said the man.

Sally and another little girl came with [illegible] and playing a store I held [illegible] many beautiful things [illegible]

[illegible] to express openly a wish so extravagant.

"Come right in," he said, and I remember that when we entered the store I could hear my heart beating.

He bought a pair of shoes for me and I would have them on at once, and made it necessary for him to buy a pair of socks also. After the shoes were buttoned on my feet I saw little of Sally Dunkelberg or the other people of the village, my eyes being on my feet most of the time.

The man took us into his office and told us to sit down until he could write a letter.

Soon a horse and buggy came for us and I bravely [illegible] Sally's good-bye before the [illegible] drove away with [illegible] as we went [illegible] road, between fields of ripened grain, of my water [illegible] and my dog and my little pet hen.

I shall not try to describe that home coming. We met Aunt Deel in the road five miles from home. She had been calling and traveling from house to house most of the night, and I have never forgotten her joy at seeing me and her tender greeting. She got into the buggy and rode home with us, holding me in her lap. Uncle Peabody and one of our neighbors had been out in the woods all night with pine torches. I recall how, although excited by my return, he took off his hat at the sight of my new friend and said:

"Mr. Wright, I never wished that I lived in a palace until now."

He didn't notice me until I held up both feet and called: "Look a' there, Uncle Peabody."

Then he came and took me out of the buggy and I saw the tears in his eyes when he kissed me.

The man told of finding me on his little veranda, and I told of my ride with Dug Draper, after which Uncle Peabody said:

"I'm goin' to put in your hoss and feed him, Comptroller."

"And I'm goin' to cook the best dinner I ever cooked in my life," said Aunt Deel.

When the great man had gone Uncle Peabody took me in his lap and said very gently and with a serious look:

"You didn't think I meant it, did ye?—that you would have to go 'way from here?"

"I don't know," was my answer.

"'Course I didn't mean that. I just wanted ye to see that it wa'n't going to do for you to keep on tippin' things over so."

That evening as I was about to go upstairs to bed, Aunt Deel said to my uncle:

"Do you remember what ol' Kate wrote down about him? This is his first peril an' he has met his first great man an' I can see that Sile Wright is kind o' fond o' him."

I went to sleep that night thinking of the strange, old, ragged, silent woman.

Continued next week.

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Land of the Beyond.

There is a country into which there is today a yearly immigration with which no other country in any age has had anything to compare.

Every year 35,000,000 of people—the equivalent of one-third the population of the United States—enter its ports and crowd its territory as newcomers and colonists.

Every month 3,000,000 are numbered as fresh arrivals. Every twenty-four hours there are 100,000.

And this has been going on and will continue century after century. For the country in question is the Land of the Beyond, that is on the other side of the grave.

Their Wives Work.

The most amusing thing at the fair is the poultry show. Not that it is a joke by any means, for it is an exhibit of which any state might well be proud, but the amusing part is the swelled-up arrogance of the roosters, shown along with the working members of the harems, the hens. The latter are demure and quiet, attending strictly to business, taking their food and sipping the water from the cups, just as though they were at home. On the other hand each and every rooster seems to think he is the cock of the walk, and he advertises this idea on every occasion.

The Limit.

"His wife drives the gas car and he has to ride in the tonneau."

"That's nothing. I know a man whose wife can beat him playing golf."

NOW FISH IN INLAND WATERS

German Submarines Have Driven Hardy Dutch Sailors From Their Occupation in the North Sea.

In this day of the lurking submarine the waters of the North sea are a marked danger zone for the fisherman of the Netherlands and consequently the rivers and inner seas of Holland are thronged with brown sailed fishing smacks all eagerly pursuing the elusive herring salmon, pike and carp.

Until the boat's tanks or barrels are filled the determined fisherman sticks at his job. If a good haul is soon made he may steer the craft up some canal to an inland town to market his catch. He gets out the sign "Fish for Sale" and fastens it to the mast draws the boat up to the canal's edge and is soon besieged by housewives anxious to [illegible] his wares. [illegible]

[illegible] a harbor fishing village is one of the [illegible] sights in Holland. Sails patched or torn and flapping rise and fall in the harbor with the motion of the waves. The brawny Dutch fisherman revived by supper and the evening pipe is curing fish and exchanging stories with neighbors on the dock while his wife sits before her cottage mending nets or perhaps adorning a torn sail with a vivid red patch.

There is little rest for these hard working seamen and their wives. Fish have long been to Holland what rice is to China or the potato to America. With its food supply ebbing dangerously low Holland looks more than ever to her fisher folk to feed the people.

NEWSBOYS ON BATTLE FRONT

Belgian and French Youngsters Take Great Risks While Distributing Papers to the Soldiers.

During the first days of the war British soldiers going up to Mons from Boulogne were hailed by an ancient French dame with her only British phrase "Daily Mail." She did her best. Since those far off days "Daily Mail" has been called by the little Belgian and French boys and girls all along the line from Dunkirk to Belfort. Many a risk has been run to buy and sell the news of yesterday. One great load of copies of the London Daily Mail arrived at a distributing center by train just as the advancing wave of Germans threatened to pour over the line.

Prompt to the occasion the parcels were seized by the soldiers and thrown into the gap. Surely no newspaper [illegible] for trenches [illegible] bullets. [illegible]

[illegible] times the Daily Mail has heard through advanced line distributing agents of paper sellers shot by snipers' bullets while making their way along the trenches.

Two Brave Seamen Commended

Two men of the United States navy have recently been commended for risking their lives to save shipmates. Turner S. Lux, boatswain's mate, [illegible] volunteers saved a [illegible] who fell overboard from the United States Steamer Houston. A life belt had been thrown to the man but he failed to grasp it and was going down for the second time when Lux came to his rescue. Lux gives as his nearest kin G. H. Lux, 1857 Valence street, Birmingham, Ala. A similar service was performed by Chief Boatswain John M. Pouix whose mother Mrs. [illegible] Stout lives in Kingston, Ala.

First Drink Merely a Sample

It was a hot day and two sailors had just been released from a long spell of duty on a mine-sweeper. They made a bee-line for the first public house they saw, and one of them ordered two quarts of ale. The men emptied their mugs in one draught while the barmaid looked on in undisguised admiration.

The man who had paid stood for a second or two wiping his lips meditatively and then turned to his comrade with a grin.

"I ain't so bad, Bill, is it?" he remarked. "Shall we have some?"—London Tit-Bits.

He Ordered Pie

My brother was telling me of a number of humorous incidents which took place at camp. [illegible] visit [illegible] guardhouse. He had been made to believe by a few fellows who were in for some sport that if he wanted pie all he had to do was order it. When [illegible] came round the rookie [illegible]

TWO EX-PREMIERS IN CABINET

Situation in British Politics That Has Never Before Occurred Is Among the Possibilities.

Herbert H. Asquith, former premier, is often mentioned as a possible addition to the present cabinet. The Manchester Guardian points out that if this happens Lloyd George will have two former prime ministers among his subordinates. There is no former instance of this state of things in modern history, and it is a long time now since an English government contained in a secondary place even one former premier.

The classical case occurred about the middle of last century, and is furnished by the game of see-saw which was played by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. In the government of 1852 Lord John Russell was prime minister and Lord Palmerston foreign [illegible] two positions were exactly reversed.

It was Lord John Russell's experience [illegible] prime minister from [illegible] fifty-four till that of sixty [illegible] Lord Aberdeen and then under Lord Palmerston from sixty to seventy-three and at that age to be prime minister again.

If Lloyd George gets Mr. Asquith as well as Mr. Balfour he will have all the living former premiers except one, the exception being Lord Rosebery, whose period of office—15 months—was so short as to compare with the meteoric premiership of the age of Canning.

FLASH LIGHTS IN UNISON

Fireflies Seem to Have an Understanding as to When to Begin an Illumination

Various observers testify to the fact that myriads of glow worms very occasionally indulge in synchronous flashing with very beautiful effect. It is thought by some that this phenomenon is accidental although in this light some cases would seem incredible.

John A. Purcell of Washington, D. C., records that in the town of Cotabato, Island of Mindanao, P. I., a few years ago there were two trees about the size of apple trees and perhaps a hundred yards apart and every evening these were filled with fireflies which flashed in unison first one tree lighting up and then the other. There must have been several thousand insects in each tree, yet the synchronism was so perfect that rarely or never did a single firefly flash at the wrong time.

"To the best of my recollection the illumination period lasted about two or three seconds and the dark periods perhaps twice that long. I can positively vouch for the accuracy of the foregoing for it seemed so strange and [illegible] so beautiful an effect that I thought it one of the most remarkable things in the Philippines and it made a deep impression on me."

War Brings Peace to New York

All is peace in New York's toughest district since the war. A year or so ago any person who wandered through the "Gas House" district on First avenue from Seventeenth to Twenty-second street at night usually came away minus his watch and roll and with a battered countenance. Many were the actual and alleged troubles of the police [illegible] the young manhood of this section of the city. It ran the gamut of everything from riot to murder. To-day all this is changed. Since the "Gas House" gang has donned the khaki there is an air of refinement and culture in the district. Men neighbors meet on friendly terms and clothes-line fights and feuds between the women are only memories. Gone is the old order of things material. Fights have given way to celebrations in honor of the lads from the district now fighting in France. There are 171 of them from this section and the other night a service flag was unfurled. It showed five gold stars. Two thousand men, women and children, many of them mothers and fathers, lifted their voices in a poem of consecration.

Twice Cited for Bravery

To have been cited by the French for bravery twice since his arrival in France in January is the record of Professor Stephen H. Bush of the University of Iowa. In the wake of the first official announcement came a lengthy cablegram with the details of his second citation. "Courage and tenacity in bringing in wounded over exposed places" were conspicuous on the part of Professor Bush, who is working for the Y. M. C. A. with the Moroccan divisions.

The cablegram further declares that the "French are devoted to Professor Bush and the other Y. M. C. A. workers in his division and are gaining a high opinion of Americans through contact with them." Professor Bush is head of the department of romance languages at the university.—Iowa University News Letter.

Marked Oats

[illegible]

SUGAR TESTED MORAL FIBER

Doubters Declared Saving Staples Would Be Easy Compared With Sacrificing Luxuries.

FIGURES SHOW RESULTS.

Americans Demonstrated Sturdy Support of War by Conserving for the Benefit of the Allies.

When figures began to show definitely that the people of the United States [illegible] that [illegible] food needs [illegible]

Now that [illegible] upon [illegible] Europe [illegible] will be able to go farther afield for foodstuffs and will no longer be entirely dependent for sugar upon North American supplies. With the stocks now in prospect we will have sufficient sugar to place this country back upon normal consumption if the present short rations in Europe are not materially increased. If the European ration is to be materially increased over the present low amount it can be only through the American people [illegible] it possible by continued [illegible] to a greater or less extent.

The fact that the Food Administration has been able to relax the voluntary sugar ration is in itself proof that the ration of two pounds per person per month was generally observed throughout the country. This conservation allowed the Food Administration to build up a reserve and to tide over the period of scarcity until the new crops of Louisiana cane and beet sugar were ready for distribution.

The records of the Food Administration show that in July, August, September and October 995,000 tons were distributed. Normal consumption for that period is 1,600,000 tons. This shows a definite concrete saving of over 500,000 tons. These figures apply to sugar consumed on the table in the kitchen and in the various industries, and show conclusively that in the homes and public eating places of America, where 70 per cent. of all our sugar is consumed, the sugar consumption has been reduced by more than one-third.

In the four-month period beginning with July this country normally uses 400,000 tons of sugar per month. Last July 290,000 tons entered into distribution. In August only 225,000 tons were distributed. In September the figures showed 279,000 tons and then fell to 230,000 tons in October.

There could be no more definite proof that the American people have given their loyal co-operation and support of the war.

AN AMERICAN HABIT THAT WAS EXPANDED

Coming to the relief of the distressed is not a new sensation to us. Having sent shiploads of food to the famine sufferers of India as offhandedly as the housewife hands out a cut of the loaf to the wayfarer it seemed the most natural thing in the world to succor Belgium to take on the feeding of a nation quite informally.

The test of peace is to summon for the healing of nations devotion equal to that given the tasks of war.

Save
that we may share
Save food

METHODS OF DEMOCRACY

The extent to which the United States Food Administrator has relied on the voluntary support of the American people is shown by a statement made by the United States Food Administrator speaking before the Senate Agricultural Committee less than three months after this country entered the war. That he was justified in his implicit confidence in the strength of democracy has been clearly reflected by the measure of support we have lent the Allies.

"If democracy is worth anything," Mr. Hoover declared, "we can do these things by co-operation, by stimulation, by self-sacrifice [illegible]"

AMERICANS FIGHT GERMS IN ITALY

Tuberculosis Experts Sent by Red Cross Will Use Latest Methods.

Included in the unit of medical and lay workers which the American Red Cross has sent to Italy are a number of the leading anti-tuberculosis workers of the country sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association. Dr. William Charles White, who heads the unit, is medical director of the Tuberculosis League of Pittsburgh and Dr. Robert H. Bishop, the assistant director, is secretary of the Anti-Tuberculosis League of Cleveland as well as health commissioner of that city. Dr. John H. Lowman of Cleveland, a former president of the National Association, is another prominent member of the unit. Others are Dr. Robert G. Paterson, secretary of the Ohio Tuberculosis Association, Seymour H. Stone, until recently secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Tuberculosis League, Dr. Gertrude Sturgis, secretary of the New York City Association of Tuberculosis Clinics, and N. A. Nelson, superintendent of the Cincinnati Anti-Tuberculosis League.

These men and women at the request of the Italian government, will co-operate with that country in applying the latest approved American methods for combating the spread of tuberculosis. Some of them will be charged with the establishment of clinics where people of all ages may be examined and treated, others will devote their attention particularly to preventing tuberculosis among children and a third group will develop health publicity and education.

It is to the credit of the anti-tuberculosis campaign in America that it has produced specialists of such international standing that Italy wishes to call them into her service temporarily. But the campaign will be continued unremittingly here at home. Its support during the ensuing year will be derived not as heretofore from the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, but by a special appropriation made by the Red Cross to the National Tuberculosis Association. Tuberculosis workers on their side will line up with the Red Cross in its Christmas Roll Call for universal membership.

CONTEST FOR THE JUNIORS.

A special feature during the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call will be a Junior Red Cross Four Minute Men contest on "Why You Should Join the Red Cross." The contest will be similar to those previously conducted by the Division of Four Minute Men of the Committee on Public Information. It will be held on Friday, December 20. In all of the Red Cross Auxiliaries [illegible] parents of the pupils will be urged to attend.

TRIBUTES FROM SECRETARY BAKER

Following a tour of South England, Secretary of War Baker made this comment on the work done by the American Red Cross for our boys.

"These are the things which count. The American Red Cross is to be congratulated on the way in which it is looking after our boys. It is doing fine work."

Following his return from France Secretary Baker wrote this note to the American Red Cross in London:

"I left London so shortly after my drive to Winchester that I had no early opportunity to thank you for the courtesy of the touring car which you placed at my disposal for the trip. On this trip to Europe I have received fresh and noteworthy evidence of the astonishing efficiency of the American Red Cross operations in France and England. I have been delighted to see how much the American Red Cross has done to weld hearts of the allied people together."

Replacing the Orchards.

The American Red Cross has given $10,000 to assist in the replanting of trees in the orchards laid bare by the Germans. With this sum 40,000 fruit trees will be replaced in the devastated orchards of Belgium and northern France.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Now for many years ready to supply harnesses, whips, blankets and robes—all sort of horse furnishing goods.
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Raising chicks in a Standard Colony Brooder is fun—it's so interesting to see the little fluffy things grow. And when they get big enough to care for themselves, how proud and rich you are! The
STANDARD COLONY BROODER
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Is the greatest, most practical coal burning brooder ever made, regardless of [illegible]

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W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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IDEAL REBEKAH LODGE, No. 6[illegible], meets the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. hall.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.
KATE BENDER, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

P. of H.—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8 00 p. m. in I. O. O. F. hall. HENRY J. RICE, M.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

PHOENIX CHAPTER, NO. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
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M. E. Church—Rev. Arthur Grayson, pastor. Preaching 10 30 a. m., Sunday school, 11 45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6 45 p. m. Evening service, 7 30. Mid-week prayer and praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal — Rev. E. H. Edson, rector. Services every Sunday at 10 30 a. m. and 7 30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12 00 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. VanDyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2 30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services 10 30 a. m. and 7 30 p. m. Sunday School at 11 45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10 30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. G. Pihlblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10 45 a. m. and 7 30 p. m. On alternate Sundays meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

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Jury Commissioners' Clerk — H. D. Otto, Smethport, R. F. D.
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FLED WITH YOUTH

Advancing Years Destroyed Illusion of Old-Time Fair.

Gilded Caravans, With Their Wonderful Contents, Which Entertained the People of English Villages, Recalled to Memory.

The fair always appeared at the same date and at the same place in the particular town each year, in obedience to some mysterious calendar that probably never got into print, but that, nevertheless, was perfectly well known to the show folk. No one knew exactly, or cared exactly, whence these showmen and show women came. They seemed to comprise a veritable peripatetic army, whose whole duty was to travel from one end of Great Britain to the other and entertain and instruct less fortunate people. Judging from the glaring posters on their wagons, but more particularly from the huge paintings which adorned their show fronts, they had traveled to the uttermost parts of the earth, in order to find the subjects for their "unique and refined entertainment," and had been rewarded by the patronage of most of the crowned heads of Europe and the presidents of the American republics. They rode for the most part in showy caravans, adorned with pictures and neat little white curtains drawn across little windows, and topped by smoking chimneys. Or they drove wagons piled with properties, or vans the front ends of which could be let down and transformed into an imposing show front, while the opposite end might be mysteriously elongated, and lo! there sprang into being, within the space of a few minutes, a long, tubular rifle gallery!

The news of the arrival of the first wagon, or the first gilded caravan, or of the setting up of the first tent pole, the sure sign and symbol of the coming of the annual fair, was always a source of intense interest and expectancy to the young generation in the town. Straggling detachments of boys and girls would soon be moving toward the fair ground to get first impressions of the pleasure to come.

And when the opening day of the fair had actually arrived, or, better still, when the day of days, which was market day, had come, and the grounds were packed with people, and one had already "done" the circus twice, watched the gorgeous street procession of "lords and ladies" and howdahed elephants, and had almost beggared oneself for the sake of seeing the "greatest wild-beast show in the world, with the only live gorilla in captivity," at feeding time, which of course was the most expensive time, there was nothing to do but to go through the fair once more. The last penny for that day had been spent, it was true, but one might have the good fortune to come across, in some corner or byway of the fair, the awesome person who "ate fire," or the wonderful man who lifted heavy weights like tops, or "swallowed swords."

Never, so it seemed, could there be so much for one to do or to enjoy; never could there be again, or anywhere else, so much delight as was crowded into those avenues of noise by day and noise and flaming naphtha lights by night, where a dozen brazen bands played simultaneously, a dozen organs screamed and trumpeted and a dozen big drums banged from the steps of the shows; where hundreds of rattles rattled, and stentorian voices bellowed to the crowds to patronize this show or that.

That the oldtime fair was always very much the same, year after year, did not much detract from its gorgeousness or fascination in the eyes of those youthful patrons who had been "saving up" for weeks to enjoy its tinsely delights. Yet it is true that as time went past, something of the glamour of the fair went with it. The "kings" and "queens" seemed to be less royal, the gilt more tinsel, the colors more garish, the noise more apparent, the music more cacophonous and the show people less interesting. Then it was that the inroads began, disillusion crept in and at last the fair ceased to attract. It had, indeed, become a very ordinary thing.

Not Wholly German Rivers.

Not only is the Rhine not the boundary river of Germany, but neither its mouth nor its source is in German territory, as Charles M. Pepper points out in the Washington Star in the course of a discussion of the Rhine as a factor in peace negotiations. This has long been a cause of mortification to Germany, and to it is partly due the rise of the Pan-German movement and the dream of a Mitteleuropa. The Rhine flows into the North sea at Rotterdam in Holland, just as the other great German river, the Scheldt, flows into the North sea through Belgium. Even the Danube pours into the Black sea, but this fact was not felt as a humiliation by the Pan-Germans, because of the subservient relation of Austria to Germany. But for a long time it has been their custom to assert, sometimes in the most offensive language, that Germany must control the Rhine and the Scheldt to their mouths.

Indigestion.

He reported sick. "What's the matter?" asked the doctor. "Indigestion I guess," said the Yankee. "That dispatch I ate when I thought the Germans were going to get me didn't seem to agree with me."

Spanish Influenza can be prevented easier than it can be cured.

At the first sign of a shiver or sneeze, take

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

NO COUNTERFEIT FOR PIGSKIN

One Who Knows Can Always Tell, Almost at a Glance, if Hide Is Genuine or Not.

Probably you have, some time or other in your life bought a pair of pigskin leggings or puttles. How do you know they are pigskin? As a matter of fact there is no leather in the world just like pigskin in wearing quality. A saddle, a holster, or a pair of puttles made of this homely material will come pretty near proving indestructible.

There is one easy way by which you can always tell pigskin. Examine it closely and you will find that the little black spots on the outside of the hide are always located in groups of three. The whole surface will look speckled, but these specks will be there in groups of three, always and without fail, in any hide once worn by a porker.

Another part of the test is to look at the grain side of the hide. You will find here that there are holes all the way through. As a matter of fact, the bristles of the hog grow entirely through the skin, and are nourished not by the skin itself but by the fatty tissues of the animal.

PUTS SIDNEY IN HIGH PLACE

First Good Prose Writer in Our Language, Said Hallam, and Other Critics Agree With Him.

The very name of Sidney's "Arcadia" is aromatic in the imagination, and its traditional place in our literature is unquestioned, writes George W. Curtis. In our day it is little read, nor is it a very interesting story. But under its quaint and courtly conceits its tone is so pure and lofty, its courtesy, and appreciation of women so hearty and honorable; it has so fine a moral atmosphere, such noble thoughts, such stately and beautiful descriptions, that to read it is like conversing with a hero. So there is no better reading than the "Defense of Poesy," that hymn of loyalty to intellectual beauty. Hallam well calls Sidney "the first good prose writer" in our language, and scarcely had he finished in his "Defense" an exquisite criticism of English poetry to that time than the full choir of Elizabethan poets burst into:

The songs that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still

Columbus' Name Perpetuated.

Cristobal-Colon, the joint city of Colon in the republic of Panama, and Cristobal in the canal zone, is the Spanish name for Christopher Columbus, the first man who sought an all-water route across the isthmus, in his quest for a new path to Asia. But history shows that Columbus never bore that name while living. He was born of a family known as "Colombo" and when he entered the Spanish service he changed his name to "Cristobal Colon," yet we insist on calling him "Columbus." The Panaman and American cities of Colon and Cristobal, situated at the Atlantic entrance to the Panama canal, are so named in recognition of the great explorer, and a massive bronze statue representing Columbus presenting before the court of Spain one of the native Indians of the new land he had discovered was erected many years ago on the sea front of Cristobal-Colon, and still stands as a monument to the memory of one of the world's most intrepid explorers.

Sheep and Wool for Japan.

It is interesting to note that after a thorough investigation in this country regarding the plan of campaign for more sheep and more wool by Issa Tanimura, commissioner of live stock for Japan, that it is the purpose of the leading Japanese live stock men to create a bureau, consisting of seven expert wool men, together with a score of assistants and secretaries. The plan of action outlined will require ten years to work out, but it is the intention to make Japan self supporting as far as the country's wool requirements are concerned.

Back of the Universe.

It is from the study of the true theology that all our knowledge of science is derived, and it is from that knowledge that all the arts have originated.

The Almighty Lecturer, by displaying the principles of science in the structure of the universe, has invited man to study and to imitation. It is as if he had said to the inhabitants of this globe that we call ours, "I have made an earth for man to dwell upon, and I have rendered the starry heavens visible to teach him science and the arts. He can now provide for his own comfort, and learn from my munificence to all to be kind to each other."—Thomas Paine.

LOSE DUKHOBORS

Peculiar Sect in Canada Going Back to Russia.

Their Departure a Few Years Ago Would Have Been Hailed With Delight, but Sentiment Has Undergone a Change.

The announcement that Peter Verigin, the leader of the 10,000 to 11,000 Russian Dukhobors, or Dukhobortsy, has declared his intention of returning to Russia with his followers has caused a mild sensation in Canada. Fifteen years ago a similar announcement would have been received by the people of western Canada with expressions of devout gratitude. The illiterate peasant "spiritwrestlers," as their name implies, were disliked as religious fanatics, who herded together in community houses, and though peaceable and industrious peasants, refused to conform to Canadian laws and regulations or to accept nationality. But now everywhere in western Canada they are recognized as remarkable colonists, even if bad citizens, while Peter Verigin is acknowledged to be a genuine leader of men.

The Dukhobor has never been a wanderer of his own free will. He has moved from place to place in Europe as the result of consistent persecution. Church and state went for him "hammer and tongs," the one telling him that all religious sects must be brought into conformity with established Greek Catholicism, the other that he must become a soldier under the conscription act of 1887. At first he complied with the military law and went off to battle, but with the distinct understanding between him and the elders that if he were compelled to discharge his rifle he would fire it in the air. For he has always been a consistent nonresistant, and so consistent an opponent of war of all kinds that, in exile in the Caucasus, the community threw away the weapons that had been considered necessary to protect its members from wild animals.

In the first year of their settlement in Canada, the men scattered in order to earn wages on farms, on railways, and sawmills. Meanwhile the women built the future residences and, lacking horses, plowed the land by harnessing themselves, 12 pairs of women to a plow with one plowman to drive them!

Brilliant, in British Columbia, is one of the great Dukhobor centers and the socialist's Utopia. Here the community is wholly self-contained and has realized something of that equality of its component citizens for which there is so much striving in the world today. In contrast to the modern city, there are no anxieties concerning the source of the next day's needs. There are evidently no divisions between "mine" and "thine" no jealousies or envies over the possessions of another, for no man is richer than his fellow. No money is in circulation. One member of the executive does all the outside selling and buying, and all moneys received are turned over to the treasury. Money, in fact, has no purchasing value within the community. All the necessaries of life are doled out without it by the various departments in charge. Everybody has the wherewithal, which is not of silver and gold, and there is no theft, any more than there is visible machinery of government. The government is the people. Once a week they crowd into the large assembly hall and discuss the affairs of the community, and the managers of the several departments are given their instructions according to popular sentiment. The Dukhobors possess the system of initiative, referendum and recall in an admirably simplified form; their officials and temporal representatives hold office as long as they do their work well.

What is the explanation of these peculiar people who live so simply on a farm or ranch which may stretch for miles along the road and stately Columbia river? And can Canada afford to lose the "sisters" and "brothers" of a community who have builded better than they knew, who have created a unique state in the midst of the wild?—Christian Science Monitor.

Last of Kin of Great Novelist Dies.

William Dickens, the last kin of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, died recently at his home in Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Dickens was born in Braunstone, England, where his father, George Adams Dickens, kept the Admiral Nelson, an old public house. William Dickens came to this country about ten years ago, accompanied by his wife, Emily Steanes, and his youngest daughter. Mr. Dickens was seventy-five years of age, and possessed a most interesting character, resembling in some ways his great cousin. When Charles Dickens was passing through the little town of Braunstone he stopped at his cousin's inn, and, noticing the little bright-eyed boy, patted him on the back and quaintly told him to grow up to be a better man than his father. Mr. Dickens treasured that incident among the fondest memories of his life.

Air Speeds.

Every airplane has a minimum air speed at which it must be thrust through the air if it is to be maintained aloft, and a maximum air speed in excess of which it cannot safely be nose-dived, for the various components will not stand the strain beyond a certain given point.

Our Christmas SAVINGS CLUB

FOR 1919 STARTS THIS WEEK

We shall be pleased to have everybody become a member

OUR CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB

Affords an easy and sensible plan for systematically saving money for Christmas or for other purposes.

By depositing small sums of from ONE CENT and UP to any convenient amount, a fund of money may be easily accumulated that will come in very handy when you get it back in a lump sum, plus interest, just before Christmas.

By becoming a member you will conserve small amounts that usually slip through your fingers for trifles and things that are unnecessary, and when Christmas comes you will be just that much ahead.

JOIN YOURSELF GET YOUR WIFE TO JOIN
HAVE THE CHILDREN JOIN

Let us all get the Saving Habit. It means much to the individual. It means much to the Nation.

Grange National Bank
Smethport, Pa.

Comma Once "Killed" a Bishop.

A Kent (England) urban council, it is believed, has about reached the limit of "war economy" by forbidding the use of punctuation marks in all official documents, with the result that reports of its proceedings are published without even a comma. But the absence of punctuation may prove perilous. Hill 70, on the western front, was "taken" by a missing comma. Worse still, a bishop, for want of a comma, was temporarily killed. The present bishop of Bath and Wells, when he held the see of Adelaide, found what he thought was a dead sea serpent near Coffin bay, at a time when an influenza epidemic raged in that district. He was pardonably proud of his "discovery," which was wired to England in a portmanteau telegram which ran: "Influenza prevalent numerous deaths Bishop Adelaide found had sea serpent 60 feet Coffin bay." A news agency thought the last six words a separate message, and announced the death of the bishop.

Sense of Speed.

W. P. Beazell says in an article in a New York paper, telling some of his flying experiences: "Very little sense of speed comes to one in the air. There is, of course, the tremendous rush of air past one's face, but a whirling propeller will give that before one has left the ground. There are no landmarks in the air, and it is by landmarks that we measure the speed of trains and automobiles, for instance. The earth is so far below that it seems to be passing at about the rapidity of a horse car. After a time the landlubber begins to realize that what he was regarding as suburban plots are really farms, that the fish ponds are town reservoirs, that the brooks are rivers, and that by holding out his hand he can blot from view a county. When that happens he begins to get a proper perspective of himself."

Passive Resister, Perhaps.

A few months ago Jeffersonville received some new city cars which excited much admiration. They are fitted with all the newest devices, safety doors that will not open until the car stops and that will not let the car start again until they are closed, pay-as-you-enter arrangements and so forth. But pride had a fall a few nights ago when one of these nice new city cars tried to buck a small automobile of a make of widely known repute, and supposed to be as addicted to the way of peace as the man whose name they bear. The automobile was standing perfectly quiet—just like "tar baby"—and "not sayin' nuthin," when the car bucked it. When the fracas was over, the auto had a slight limp in its rear parts, but the city car was derailed by the impact. Honors were given the gasoline vehicle by the populace.

No one knows how long ago ambitious navigators learned to hitch their frail barks to the breeze to carry their cargoes, but it is certain that in the very early ages the pines and other tall trees learned to take advantage of the wind in like manner, as a means of spreading their seeds, writes Herbert W. Faulkner in his book, "Mysteries of the Flowers." So each seed was built like a biplane or air glider. We have seen them floating down from maple trees and twirling as they slowly fell. The lightest breeze can carry them a long way ere they reach the ground. We find similar seed sowing practiced by the elm, ash, birch, hornbeam, linden and catalpa.

Just Signifying Happiness.

Seward is a favorite in the neighborhood. One afternoon he was wending his way homeward and dinnerward accompanying himself with the most heartrending howls and mournful noises.

A young neighbor, thinking something dreadful had happened to him called out: "Why, what's the matter Seward?"

He called back: "Oh, nothing! I'm just happy!"

Rolling a Plane.

To "roll" an airplane is to turn it over sideways while flying. The pilot continues rolling until the machine is flying level again. The stunt is practically a sidewise loop.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. F. L. Holmes and Miss Ruth were Bradford visitors last Thursday.

Miss Esther Kerr is visiting her sister, Miss Grace Kerr, in Olean.

J. H. Walker of Hazelhurst was a Smethport business visitor Tuesday.

C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany was a Smethport business visitor Monday.

Mrs. Ella Passmore of Rew City has been notified that her son, James P. Passmore, died of pneumonia Oct. 13, while in service in France. The young soldier was a member of the contingent which left Bradford for Camp Lee on July 1. He was born in Duke Center and was 2[illegible] years of age. Deceased is survived by his mother. Before going to war he worked on his mother's oil lease and others nearby. He was well known throughout this entire section where he had hosts of friends, who will be grieved to learn of his demise.

FOR SALE.

Lime for farming purposes in quantities to suit purchasers. Inquire at Berney-Bond Glass Co.

ar49tf.

KEEP WATCH ON EXPRESSION

One's Face Pretty Generally Reveals the True Thoughts and Feelings of Its Possessor.

No doubt you would readily recognize your features if you met them in the street. You see them in the glass daily and many times a day, and probably you think you study them with peculiar care. But that is just the point. Whenever you see them, you are studying them. The expression is conscious, artificial—the expression of a person who is being watched and studied. You know what the photographer's "look pleasant" produces. You know how you feel and can imagine how you look when you are aware that someone is observing you.

Think of the expressions you watch on others' faces when they are completely unconscious, not giving a thought to how they look. Some faces are sweet, kindly, sympathetic, delightful. Some faces again, often the same faces, are sad, anxious, dreary; others still are harsh, bitter, angry or selfish. Remember that all those expressions are likely to come on your own face, too. When you look in the glass you do not find them there. Your mere curiosity erases them as a wet sponge erases figures on a slate. But they come just the same.

Remember how you love to watch the kindly look in others and how you shrink and turn away from the ugly and the hateful. Perhaps the memory and the consciousness will help you to control the uncomely expressions in yourself. Or, since expressions are not easily controllable and are in any case an unfailing index of the feelings that produce them, perhaps you will set more busily about the task of repressing and subduing feelings that make faces look as you wish that they should not.

The great secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, once refused to be introduced to a man because he did not like the man's face. "But," urged a friend, "he is not responsible for his face." "Every man over forty years old is responsible for his face," answered the secretary.—Youth's Companion.

One afternoon a noncommissioned officer found and awoke two stragglers behind the American lines in France. They had visibly a bottle of champagne.

"Where did you get that champagne?" asked the officer (with motives beyond question).

"Well," explained the smaller of the pair, "we hadn't had anything to eat but iron rations for five days, and not much of that, then we lost our outfit, and when we landed here we started out to buy something. The only thing for sale in the whole town was a bottle of champagne, so we bought that."